

A FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

DR. J. H. HARRISON

CALLER

'TIS ALL A FARCE

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Hay-market.

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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

TIS ALL A FARCE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Gortez	Mr. EMERY.
Col. Belgardo	Mr. FARLEY.
Don Testy	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Don Alphonso (<i>his Son</i>)	Mr. J. PALMER.
Numpo	Mr. FAWCETT.
Mirtillo (<i>Servant to Belgardo</i>)	Mr. KLANERT.
Sticko (<i>Servant to Alphonso</i>)	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
Serjeant	Mr. ABBOT.
Servant to Don Gortez	Mr. ATKINS.
<i>Six Soldiers, Military.</i>	
Carolina (<i>Daughter to Don Gortez</i>)	Miss MENAGE.
Ursula	Mrs. WHITMORE.



'TIS ALL A FARCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Outside of Don Gortez's House.

(BELGARDO discovered walking to and fro.)

Bel. **W**HEN will my star shine forth? no ray yet—How like a fool do I look! thus kicking my heels here to get a wink from a fair damsel's black eye.—What devil was it tempted me to fall in love? and with the daughter of my enemy too! one who would rejoice to see me and my whole family ruined! I am paid off for all my tricks with a vengeance. Oh Belgardo! Belgardo! how hast thou offended the little god, that he should lead thee into such a scrape as this? Is it manly in me thus to turn manufacturer of billet-doux, ballad-maker, rhymster? Oh, I'm mad! I'm mad! But yesterday I was in deep thought for an hour, contriving a motto for my mistress's garter. Oh it must be—Ah, see, my love appears; and with her she brings an apology for all these deadly sins of mine. (*Carolina appears at the window.*) She shines upon me like a happy constellation.—Joy, love and pleasure are her satellites, and I'm in heaven when I behold her.

Car. And pray, Colonel, where did you learn this fine speech?

Bel. You are the book I study.—What think you, shall I ever get you by heart?

Car. Not if you go on so, like a dunce, as you have begun.—You speak so well, Colonel, it's a pity you ever learn'd to write.

Bel. What means my Venus?

Car. Why, I mean nothing less than that your last letter fell into the hands of my father, who swears vengeance against you, and has lock'd me up here till Don Alphonso comes to marry me.

Bel. Unfortunate indeed!

Car. Unfortunate indeed!—And is that all you have to say? Have you no scheme? Can't you jump into the window? can't you turn the house inside outward? can't you blow it up with gunpowder? What can you do?

Bel. Nothing.

Car. Then you are no man for me, and I'll marry Alphonso.

Bel. Nay, nay, not so fast:—pray what sort of a man is this Alphonso?

Car. Oh, he is a man made in a proper mould—a man whom ladies sigh for—a very pattern of gallantry—one who would not stand twirling his hat about, and telling a lady he could do nothing.

Bel. Are you sure he is all this?

Car. Not quite—I only have his character from report.

Bel. Has your father ever seen him?

Car. No.

Bel. Alphonso is from Seville—is he not?

Car. Yes, when he's here, he'll be from Seville.

Bel. And when will that be?
Car. He is expected every day; so if you can do any thing, you had best do it quickly.

(*Enter MIRTILO.*)

Mir. Sir, Sir, Don Gortez is coming this way.

Bel. A happy omen! He comes just at the moment I want him.

Car. Now, Colonel, set your wits to work; release me from this prison, and I am content to be your prisoner for life. [*Exit from window.*]

Bel. Oh such a thought, Mirtillo!—I have not time to tell you, but you'll mind to be within hearing, perhaps I may want your assistance.

Mir. I shall be ready, Sir. [*Retires.*]

(*Enter DON GORTEZ.*)

Bel. Am I never to get a sight of this wench? Don Gortez keeps her so closely confined that I'm afraid I shall be obliged to go back to my friend Alphonso without executing my commission.

Gor. What does he say? his friend Alphonso!

Bel. A pretty errand this of mine, truly, to examine another man's mistress, and, like an appraiser, draw out an inventory of her charms; as, *item*—Two languishing eyes, very useful articles, but, being fancy goods, not easily valued; a ruby mouth, worth at least—oh! worth kissing; teeth of pearl; and a tongue—oh! that's an article that might be dispensed with; few men who would not be glad to leave that out of their marriage portion. Well, would I could

get into the house, that I might view this chest of beauty!

Gor. Pray, Sir, are you taking a plan of that house?

Bel. No; it's something in the house that I want to take a plan of.

Gor. What, you wish to take a draught, do you?

Bel. Yes, Sir; and the lady I wou'd draw upon is in that very house: can you give me so much credit as will admit me to the acquaintance of Don Gortez?

Gor. Why, I don't know but I cou'd.

Bel. And will you?

Gor. I must know your business.

Bel. First promise me not to mention a syllable to Gortez.

Gor. Oh, I'll never tell him, if you don't.

Bel. Thus then it is—I have a most particular friend, one Don Alphonso of Seville.

Gor. Well, what of him?

Bel. He is invited by Gortez to marry his daughter, and has sent me—now be sure you don't tell Gortez.

Gor. Not a word, not a word.

Bel. He has sent me, his most particular friend—we were at college together—

Gor. Well, and he has sent you—

Bel. To see this wench, that I may let him know what sort of commodity she is, as he has heard that she is hump-back'd, lame of one leg, has red eyes, black teeth, a yellow skin, grey hair, white lips, and a few other negative beauties which don't exactly accord with his taste.

Gor. A hump-back! and lame too! this must

be some trick of that rascal Belgardo, that bil-
let-doux making puppy, that—

Bel. Belgardo! Belgardo! I think I know that
name;—I kick'd a fellow of that name once.

Gor. Did you?—Kick him again, will you?

Bel. Oh, the fellow is an arrant coward!

Gor. Oh! then I'll kick him myself whenever
I meet him. Give me your hand; I like you be-
cause you hate Belgardo.—I am Don Gortez—

Enter ALPHONSO.

the same you wish to know.

Bel. Then my friend is betrayed.

Alph. Well met, then, Don Gortez, I was just
going to inquire for you.

Gor. Your business, Sir?

Alph. I am Don Alphonso, just arrived from
Seville, the son of your friend Don Testy.

Bel. Ruin to my plan! (*Aside.*)

Gor. Don Alphonso, I rejoice to see you:
you was the last man we were speaking of.
Your friend there—

Alph. My friend!—where?

Gor. Come, come, I know it all.

Alph. Know what?

Gor. Why, that you sent your friend here—

Bel. Now brass assist me! (*aside.*) Ha! ha!
ha!—So, you really believe that fellow to be
Alphonso, your intended son-in-law?

Gor. To be sure I do.

Bel. (*going up to Alphonso.*) Why do you
think, Sir, to pass yourself for Don Alphonso?

Alph. Alphonso is my name.

Bel. Of Seville?

Alph. Of Seville.

Bel. Impudence unheard of!

Gor. What, then, this is not Don Alphonso!

Bel. Alphonso! no, this fellow is a barber, he shaved me about ten days go.—Sirrah, have you forgotten the beating I gave you for cutting me on the left cheek?—Oh, thou abominable barber!—thou bason of Saturday-night's suds!—thou vile mustachio-trimmer! Thou shalt be trimm'd for this, thou wicked barber!

Alph. Is this meant to me! I carry a sword, Sir!

Bel. A razor, you mean. What, you have learn'd to play the gentleman, have you?—You'll challenge me! Oh, thou cut-throat barber; for shame, for shame! go home and shave your customers; be wise, be wise!

Gor. Aye! go home, you sha'n't shave us.

Alph. You too, Don Gortez, you shall repent this.

Gor. No, but you will—you shan't lead me by the nose, Master Barber: have you got a razor about you? if you have, open a vein—it will save the hangman trouble.

Alph. Don Gortez, I see you are imposed on: read this letter; that will tell you who I am.

Bel. What, forgery too! Oh wicked world! Oh barbarous barber! (*snatches the letter and tears it.*) You see I wouldn't have thee hanged!—Escape, escape! this is perhaps your first offence—I shall forgive—Be wise, be wise, and run.

Alph. This language you shall answer for: Don Gortez, you are deceived, grossly deceived!

Gor. No, no; I am not, you can't deceive me; I knew you to be a barber by the cut of your mustachios.

Alph. As you are an old man, Don Gortez, I shall not notice what you have said: besides, you are imposed on—my father's servant will be here presently, he will convince you of your error.

Bel. The fellow has contrived this well; you might have been cheated if I had not come so opportunely.

Gor. Stop, stop, I'll pose the villain; now mind: pray what's this servant's name?

Alph. His name is Sticko.

Gor. Why, that is his name indeed; I have heard my old friend often speak of Sticko, and laugh about his stuttering.

Bel. Ah! Sticko is the name, sure enough: how has the fellow learnt that?—Poor Sticko, I know stuttering Sticko very well: would he were here, it should be to thy confusion! (*making signs to Mirtillo at the side*). Eh! as I live here he comes.

MIRTILLO enters, and is passing to DON GORTEZ's house, having been seen listening to the foregoing conversation.

Bel. Ah, Sticko! How do you do, Sticko? I am glad to see you (*to Mirtillo, stopping him.*)

Alph. I'm astonish'd.

Bel. Where is your master, Sticko?

Mir. Co—co—coming he—he—here s—s—soon.

Bel. There, he's coming here soon. Sticko, did you know this fellow?

Mir. Ye—ye—yes, I saw him bastinadoed for picking pockets (*stuttering.*)

Gor. Get me an alguazil, I'll have the rascal taken up directly.

Alph. Don Gortez, you are in error; to prove which, here comes my servant, Sticko.

Bel. The devil he does!! (*Enter Sticko.*)

Alph. Now, rascal, where have you loitered? Who am I?—speak, Sir, instantly!

Sti. Al—Al—Al—Al—Al—

Mir. You mum—mum—mum—mocking rascal. What d—d—do you mum—mum—mock me for?

Sti. You mum—mum—mock me!

Mir. You lul—lul—lul—lie.

Bel. Excellent fellow. (*Aside.*)

Sti. You lul—lul—

Alph. Attend to me, sirrah,—answer me immediately, who am I?

Sti. Mum—mum—mum—my m—aster.

Mir. You mum—mum—m—ocking lul—lul—lying rascal, ta—take tha—t.

(*Strikes him.*)

Gor. Come, come, no fighting.

Mir. I'll knock him do—down.

Bel. I really am astonish'd at the fellow's ingenuity: did you ever witness so much roguery, Don Gortez?

Alph. In a few hours my father will arrive; he will convince you, Don Gortez, of your error: you, Sir, shall give me satisfaction for your behaviour, the satisfaction of a gentleman! (*to Belgardo.*)

Gor. A gentleman! a pretty gentleman truly!—Come, Sir, let us leave this gentleman. I am very much indebted to you, I'm sure; though I think it wasn't right for your friend Alphonso to send you on such an errand: but come—I'm much beholden to you.

Bel. Oh, not in the least; I have only done my duty in exposing an impostor.

Gor. Come, Sir, come, walk in with me: do you hear, fellow, if you don't take yourself off as fast as you can, I'll send an officer after you, I will, you rascal—I'll put an iron in the fire for you—I'll give you a dressing—I'll comb your head, Mr. Barber.—Zounds! did you think to impose upon Don Gortez?—If you are seen in the town again, I'll have your back shaved with the strap-pado. [*Exit into house.*]

As BELGARDO is following him, ALPHONSO pulls him back.

Alph. Nay, nay, you escape not thus; I have business with you.

Bel. Fellow, I don't want shaving.

Alph. You shall fight me, Sir.

Bel. What! is that your gratitude?—have I not saved you from the gallows?

Alph. A truce to words, Sir! I shall use but few—You are a coward!

Bel. Oh! say you so, most magnanimous barber?—then I must take a turn with you.

Alph. Yonder I see a place which is more retired—follow me. [*Exit with Sticko.*]

Bel. (*going up to the door.*) Excuse me a few moments, Don Gortez—I shall but see this barber in the stocks, and then return—Now for death or victory!

[*Exit, followed by Mirtillo.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter NUMPO, apparently very much fatigued.

Numpo. If I budge one step further, I am the veriest varlet that ever footed it—Perhaps

all this time that I am running after Fortune, Fortune may be running after me—if so, I wish the lady was a little lighter of foot: I'll stay here awhile however, and give her a chance of coming up with me.—My toes have been peeping out of my shoes for these last ten miles, to see if they were near their journey's end—Oh! corns and blisters, what a sad scurvy condition am I in!—I am as tired as a dog, as lame as a cat, as hungry as a horse, as dry as a door-nail, and as poor as the devil—O for a cool cup of canary, and the hind quarter of a kid, to cure this cursed capering of my bowels! they are all dancing jigs to a hungry tune; and the music, to say the truth of it, is none of the pleasantest—I must try and quiet 'em, for I feel myself mightily disposed to nap—Hush! if you keep this rumbling and grumbling (*lying down*)—egad there is no sleep for me—My lodging is on the ground floor, very airy, and cheap too—I wish I could get a dinner on the same terms. Of all my ills, hunger is the worst; I can swallow any thing but that—Good night, Numpo, pleasant dreams!—Hush!—be quiet! (*Sleeps.*)

Enter BELGARDO and MIRTILLO hastily.

Bel. Now, Mirtillo, what is to be done? here I can not stay.

Mir. Then, Sir, let us trust to our heels.

Bel. What! and leave Carolina? No, that will never do—How unlucky—I tried all I cou'd to disarm him—but he push'd me so close that I was obliged to wound him in my own defence.

Mir. My dear Sir, you are losing time; the guard will pursue you immediately.

Bel. Hah! what's here? (*seeing Numpo*)—If

I could disguise myself in this sleeping fellow's clothes, I might easily elude the guard—What think you?

Mir. There is no time to think—you must resolve quickly.

Bel. Assist me then, (*they change Numpo's cloak, &c. &c.*) Quick, quick, the fellow will lose nothing by the exchange—There—there—so now I am equipt.

Mir. Leave the rest to me, Sir.

Bel. You'll find me at the tavern where we past the night: now, manage this well, Mirtillo, and all will be right yet. [*Exit.*]

Mir. Don't fear me. Now, my friend, you must be informed of your advancement: come, awake, awake! [*He wakes him, and retires.*]

Numpo, *starting up.*

What! hey! is dinner ready? Who is there?

St. Jago, what do I see? (*rubbing his eyes.*)

Well, this is certainly a most excellent dream:

If I did not know myself to be Numpo, I

shoud think I was somebody else—and if I

did not know that this was an old brown cloak,

I could swear that it was scarlet and gold.

(*Standing up.*) Why, am I really Numpo?

I certainly am; I know by this craving in my

stomach—I can't remember being measured for

this—I'll try it on, however—Ha! a very good

fit; I hope there is a full purse in the pocket—

No! the devil a doit; well, it's no matter; people

will be afraid to ask me for money now.—(*He*

puts on the hat) I feel very fierce in this hat.—

Now for the sword (*puts it on awkwardly.*)

Now, Numpo, if you don't fight your way

through the world, it's your own fault.—I

wonder where my regiment lies—Garrison'd in some castle in the air, I suppose.—I am very poorly attended here for a man of my consequence: where are all my servants?—Here, Pedro! Lopez! Numpo! you lazy dogs, where are you all?—By my sword I swear, I'll discharge you every one!

Enter MIRTILLO.

Mir. Here I am, Sir.

Num. (*much surprised.*) Yes, yes, I see you are there; but who you are, or what you are, curse me if I know!

Mir. Your servant, Mirtillo.—Did not you call me, Colonel?

Num. No, I did not call you Colonel.—Did you call me Colonel?

Mir. Yes, Colonel.

Num. Huzza! huzza!

Mir. No, Sir, not in the hussars; you are in the foot, you know.

Num. (*aside.*) If I am, I don't stand in my own shoes.

Mir. I attend your commands, Sir.

Num. (*aside.*) What a cursed fool this fellow is! if he is not drunk, I'm asleep.

Mir. I am ready to wait upon you, Colonel.

Num. Colonel, who?

Mir. You, Sir; Colonel Belgardo, my master.

Num. Now one of us two must be confoundedly mistaken.—Pray, don't you think I am somewhat alter'd since you saw me last?

Mir. Not in the least, Sir.

Num. Why, somehow or other I don't feel like the same man.

Mir. O Sir, I see the same noble air, the same commanding countenance, and the same genteel carriage.

Num. (*aside.*) The devil you do!—Put on your spectacles, my dear fellow.

Mir. I never wear any, Sir.

Num. It's time you did then, for you can't see clear.

Mir. I certainly do, Sir.

Num. Then certainly I am dreaming--Come here--bite my finger. Oh! oh! you need not have bitten so hard. I am awake however, I am sure of that now; and I begin to believe that I really am a Colonel.—I don't know how it is; I don't feel quite myself.

Mir. No wonder, Sir, that you should feel a little disordered after escaping such danger.

Num. Danger! What danger?

Mir. O Sir, it's impossible you can have forgotten what has happened within these two hours.

Num. Upon my soul I have! I have forgotten every thing that ever happened, I believe: I had even forgotten that I was a Colonel, till you reminded me of it; but I recollect it now perfectly well.

Mir. Ay, Sir, you have been put a little out of your way by the duel.

Num. What duel?

Mir. The duel you fought just now.

Num. Oh!—Ay, I remember—I killed the fellow, did not I?

Mir. Indeed you did, Sir.

Num. Ay, I never do things by halves: he knew what would come of his affronting me. Well now, as sure as I am a Colonel, I forgot

the fellow's name, and what I quarrelled with him about.

Mir. Alphonso was his name; he was your rival in the love of Don Gortez's daughter.

Num. Impudent varlet! I recollect now.

Mir. He certainly has his desert; he knew how well Donna Carolina loved you.

Num. To be sure, how could she help it? But do you think she really does love me?

Mir. Oh, to distraction!

Num. What a lucky dog I am!—Come along, my fine fellow; I'll marry her directly.

Mir. Gently, gently; you know, Sir, her father opposes on account of the hatred between your families—five of his house have already fallen beneath the sword of your ancestors.

Num. And if this old rascal continues obstinate, he shall be the sixth. Oh Numpo! Numpo!

Mir. Mirtillo is my name—at your service, Sir.

Num. I don't like that name, Numpo is a much prettier name.—I formerly had a servant called Numpo, an excellent fellow, a fine young man; you shall take his name.

Mir. That Numpo is a sad graceless dog, an idle rascal, a great liar, a drunken vagabond—

Num. He knows me. (*Aside.*)

Mir. I mean he was—for no doubt he has been hanged long since.

Num. (*aside.*) No, no, not yet—I don't like to hear poor Numpo run down: I'll be even with him. (*puts his hand in his pocket.*) Oh!—Oh dear! here's a job, not a farthing left.

Mir. What is the matter, Sir?

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Num. What is the matter, Sir?—Why, you have robbed me, Sir; you have stolen 30 pistoles out of my pocket; I'll swear I had them in this right hand pocket when I went to sleep—Give them up, Sir!

Mir. (aside.) You shall smart for this, lie. Sir, you know I am honest; you have left your purse at your lodgings.

Num. Have-I? You go and fetch it then, and I will forgive you.

Mir. (aside.) You'll be fetched now, I believe; for, if I mistake not, this is the guard seeking my master.—Now the sport begins!

Num. Who are those coming this way?

Mir. Some soldiers of your regiment.

Enter Serjeant, and six Guards.

Serj. It is he—Colonel's uniform—servant in brown livery—Yes, it answers the description exactly:

(*Going up to Numpo.*)

Num. Halt! Halt, I say!—Why the rascal takes no more notice than if he was deaf.—Don't you know your Colonel? Do you mutiny, rascals? I'll have you all tied up to the halberds, and flogged within an inch of your lives.

Serj. A little more civility, if you please, Sir! we are only doing our duty; you must come with us.

Num. I must! must I? Do you see this? (*putting his hand on his sword.*) To the right about, and march off, or I'll give you a steel dumpling.

Serj. Give me your sword, Sir!

Num. (drawing it.) Yes, you shall have your bellyful of it.

Mir. O my dear master! they are come to take you up for killing Alphonso.

Serj. Mind that—his servant acknowledges that he is the man. (*Presenting his bayonet*) Give me your sword, Sir.

Num. Well, don't be in a passion—there, take it. So now I can walk more at my ease.

Serj. Now, Sir, follow me, if you please.

Num. But I do not please, Sir.

Serj. Then I must use force.

Num. Oho, if that's the case, a word with you: I'm not the man you take me to be; I'm no more a Colonel than you are!—Lord help your silly head! I'm only Numpo.

Mir. My dear master, I see you are going mad again.

Serj. Mad! Oh, then it's best to secure him, for fear of accidents. (*They seize him.*)

Num. Ah! rascal—villain—liar!—You know I am no Colonel—let me go, let me go—knock that fellow down.

Mir. Now he raves; pray don't hurt him!

Num. O dear! O dear! I shall be hanged in a mistake.—Take that rascal, he is the murderer: Let me go—I tell you I'm Numpo, honest Numpo; as good a fellow as ever you knew in all your life.

Serj. Come along, we can't stay here all day.

Num. The sooner you go the better then.—Take up that villain; he has robbed me of 30 pistoles, and so now he wants to get me hanged out of the way.

Serj. Away, away!

Num. Murder! murder! thieves!

[*They drag him off.*]

Mirtillo goes off.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter BELGARDO and MIRTILLO.

Mir. Well, Sir, I hope you approve my proceedings.

Bel. Approve! I applaud you, Mirtillo.

Mir. I had rather you would reward me, Sir, if you please.

Bel. Well—but, Mirtillo, how are we to proceed? I almost despair—We must strike a stroke before this Don Testy arrives, or the game is all up, you know:—besides, Alphonso will be abroad soon; his wound, I am glad to find, is only trifling.

Mir. See, see, see! As I live, yonder is my pupil! he has escaped from the guard, and runs this way as if a score of devils were after him.

Bel. Step aside, and let me observe him: I think I can make him useful to us.

[They withdraw.]

Enter NUMPO. (He is very much out of breath, and looking anxiously about him.)

Num. Phu! phu!—Oh Lord! oh Lord!—I believe I have got clear of 'em at last, however.—I have been damnably ill-treated in the service, and I'll throw up my commission; so come off, come off! (*pulls off cloak, &c.*) and if ever I put on another man's coat again, I'll be content to be hanged in it.—If colonels get nothing but kicks and thumps as a reward

for their services, as I have, I should think they'd all be glad to be upon half-pay.—Oh Numpo, Numpo! what trick will Fortune play off upon you now?

Enter BELGARDO.

Bel. Is it possible? My eyes must deceive me—No, it is he.

Num. But it is not, though. (*fearfully.*)

Bel. My dear Don Alphonso, can it be you whom I see?

Num. Don Alphonso!—By the Lord they'll call me Tippoo Saib presently, I suppose.

Bel. But, my dear Don Alphonso, how is it that I see you in this condition; standing without your cloak in the open street, and in that strange dress too?

Num. Why, I'll tell you how it is:—You see I happen to have a very particular dislike to hanging; now, if you are fond of it, you have only to put on this cloak and hat, and they'll soon tuck you up.

Bel. What have you been at?—I am afraid, Alphonso, you have had one of your old fits.

Num. I don't know what you mean by old fits; but I was very near having a hanging fit, only I thought fit to take a fit of running away.

Bel. I mean a mad fit.—Saint Dominick assist you!

Num. I'll tell you what: I know I am possessed of a devil; he has got into my stomach; but if Saint Dominick or any other Saint wou'd appear to him in the shape of a large leg of mutton stuck round with turnips, it wou'd

soon draw him out: he is a very hungry friend; only hark how he roars.

Bel. Nay, prithee, Alphonso—

Num. Don't Alphonso me! my name is Numpo, and I'll stick to it.

Bel. The devil you will!—and do you really think that your name is Numpo?

Num. What do you think?

Bel. Why, I think that you are mad; and I must apply Dr. Drencho's remedy to you.

Num. Dr. Drencho—Dr. Damnable!—Pray what is his remedy?

Bel. He ordered that, whenever you had this fit of fancying yourself Numpo, you should be beaten with a good thick stick till you come to yourself again.

Num. I don't like Dr. Drencho's physic, and I had rather be any-body than be beaten: so, pray tell me, has this Alphonso been fighting any duels lately?

Bel. You know you have not.

Num. You are quite sure I have not killed any-body?

Bel. Nay, nay, remember Dr. Drencho!

Num. I certainly must be bewitched—Now only hear me: When I came to this place, I will take my oath that my name *was* Numpo.

Bel. Take care!

Num. Oh! I know it is Alphonso now.—Well, as I said before, my name *was* Numpo: only I took a short nap, and the Devil changed me into one Colonel Belgardo, and sent half a dozen of his imps after me: they took me up for killing Don Alphonso; and I have no sooner got out of their fiery clutches, and thrown

off this cloak, but I am changed into that very Don Alphonso that I killed in a duel.

Bel. My dear friend, how you wander!

Num. Yes, I know that very well, I wish I never had wandered. I have made a most devout pilgrimage of it, for I am sure I have met with nothing but crosses.

Bel. Now you must make haste home with me, and I'll prepare you for a visit to your intended wife, Donna Carolina.

Num. Are you sure I shan't get into any scrape?

Bel. Pshaw! leave this fooling, Alphonso, and remember Dr. Drencho.

Num. Oh! the bare thought of him will make me swallow any thing. But, pray only answer me one question—If I am Don Alphonso, what is become of Numpo? I should like to know that.

Bel. I believe there are several people would be glad to know that; for he has been a great rogue, and they are on the look-out for him: I heard an inquiry just now.

Num. (*aside*) What the devil! have they found me out here already? (*To Belgrado*) So you thought I was mad, did you? and I made you believe that I had forgotten my name?—Well that's a good joke; ha! ha!

Bel. So you was only joking, then?

Num. Yes, nothing else, ha! ha!—Did not I do it well?

Bel. Excellently, indeed.

Num. Now then I'll go with you; and if ever I call myself Numpo again, then send Dr. Drencho to me—that's all.

Bel. Now, my friend Alphonso, follow me, and we'll go and pay a visit to your intended father-in-law and the beautiful Carolina.

[Exit.]

Num. My intended father-in-law, and the beautiful Carolina!—Well, if I know what all this means, I'll never put meat in my mouth again; it's most confoundedly comical. It seems there's a woman at the bottom of it, and so I suspect mischief.—Well, no matter—Good-bye Numpo! you and I shake hands and part: and, to say the truth, I don't care if I never see you again; for at best you are but a shabby sort of a fellow; and the sooner you and I cut acquaintance, the better for us both. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Chamber in DON GORTEZ'S House.

Enter CAROLINA and URSULA.

Car. Come, now, my dear Ursula! tell me all about it.

Urs. Ah! I warrant I shall be finely used if your father finds out that I go on your naughty errands.

Car. Well, but, my dear Ursula! never mind that now, I am quite impatient to hear—

Urs. Impatient!—Aye, child, it's very natural that you should be impatient; I am sure, when I was of your age, when Perez—no, not Perez, but—

Car. Some other time tell me that, my good Ursula; at present tell me of Belgardo.

Urs. I will, my child, I will!—Oh, he's a rare man! and, only that he's some five inches

taller, he is, I warrant him, as like my son that is now gone to the wars, as—

Car. For shame, Ursula! will you never tell me what answer you bring?

Urs. Yes, in faith, I will, child; but when I think of my poor boy—no boy neither, he's as much of a man as any that serves his Majesty—when I think that I may perhaps never see him again, I cannot help crying.

Car. I suppose I must wait till your son comes home again before I shall get an answer from you.

Urs. Ah, I wish he was at home again with all my heart!

Car. How can you be so cruel, Ursula, as to keep me in this suspense.

Urs. But, my dear child, only think if your cross, crusty, old father—

Enter DON GORTEZ.

was to know that I do as I do for you, I am sure he'd be the death of me—Ha!

[She sees Don Gortez, and runs off.]

Gor. So, my Lady Sulks, you encourage that old hag to abuse your father, do you?

Car. Indeed, Sir, not I; but if you will be cross, I cannot help her saying what she thinks, you know.

Gor. Ah! it's mighty well; but I'll alter your tone, I'll have no more of these airs; if you don't do as I bid you, you shall dance out of my doors.

Car. Indeed, Sir, I had much rather be turn'd out of doors than be forced to marry against my inclination.

Gor. You had, had you?

Car. Yes, Sir!--So now you know my mind, and you may turn me out as soon as you please.

Gor. What! you want to go after your Colonel Belgardo, do you?--No, no, I'll take care of that, Miss Minx; whilst there are such things as bolts and bars, I shall take the liberty to—

Car. Take away my liberty?

Gor. Exactly so; I'll cool that rebellious blood of yours---bread and water is an admirable medicine for your disorder.

Car. I cannot say I approve the prescription.

Gor. Well, well, I shall try it.---Zounds! I thought girls at your age were glad to get any thing in the shape of a husband.

Car. Ah, Sir! but we like to choose one ourselves.

Gor. No, no; I have saved you the trouble of that.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, Don Alphonso is arrived.

Gor. I'll be with him directly---tell him so.
[*Exit Servant.*] There, there, go and compose yourself, and look good-humour'd, if you can, for once; then come and be introduced to Alphonso. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Chamber in DON GORTEZ's House.

Enter BELGARDO and NUMPO.

Num. Well, what sort of a chap is this old Gortez?

Bel. Oh, a merry old fellow! you must be familiar with him; he hates ceremony.

Num. It's very well that he does; for he's not likely to get much of it from me, I can tell you that.

Bel. (*aside*) Indeed I don't think he is.

Num. Oh, I dare say the old boy and I shall soon make matters hit. You know I'm very much inclined to be comical.—But, I say, though, how d'ye think I shall come on with the daughter?

Bel. There can't be the least doubt of your success; that easy gait of manner, that captivating expression of countenance, that elegance of deportment, and that politeness and attention for which you have been always so much admired, cannot fail to captivate the fair sex.

Num. Well, it's very strange what a change of air will do;—a little while ago I was thought so ugly that the girls used to call me Pug.

Bel. Ha! ha! ha!

Num. Yes, they did; but I have changed skins with somebody now, and it seems I have got the best of the bargain.

Bel. For Heaven's sake, Alphonso, recollect yourself!

Num. I cannot if you would give me the world: I can recollect Numpo very well, but curse me if I can recollect myself!

Bel. If you talk in this way to Don Gortez, Dr. Drencho will—

Num. Mum, mum; I'll take care.

Bel. Here comes Don Gortez; walk that way whilst I prepare him for your reception.

Num. Mind you tell him of my politeness and all that; it will save him the trouble of finding it out, you know.

Enter DON GORTEZ.

Gor. Eh!--What! is it you? What is the reason I have not seen you before?

Bel. Why, Sir, that barber has been so troublesome to me, that really it is not without some difficulty that I wait on you now with my friend Alphonso.

Gor. What! is that he? (*with surprise.*)

Bel. Yes, Sir, that is Alphonso.

Gor. What! that—that is Alphonso! is it, hey?

Bel. My friend is a man of a very timid disposition, rather shy in his manner: give me leave to introduce you.—Don Alphonso, this is Don Gortez.

Num. Well, how are you, my old boy? As I am to be your son, the sooner we are acquainted the better, you know; so give me your hand, (*shakes it violently.*)---There! What do you stare at? are you frighten'd?

Bel. Come; this is a pretty good specimen. (*Aside.*)

Gor. (*aside.*) Very shy, upon my word!

Num. Why won't you speak?---Zounds, what are you afraid of?—I'm none of your stiff-neck'd ones; don't mind me---make free, make free.

Gor. Your friend's very timid in his disposition. (*To Belgardo.*)

Bel. This behaviour is all put on, I assure you.

Gor. I wish he'd put it off, for I don't think it's very becoming.

Num. What are you two whispering about there? Eh! do you call that manners?

Gor. I am astonish'd!

Num. Come, let's have a look at this wench

of your's: you know one's not to buy a pig in a poke; that's not the way to do things—is it, old Gortez?

Gor. Old Gortez!—Zounds, what an impudent rascal it is!

Num. But I say though, Gortez, it's devilish shabby of you not to ask one to eat or drink: have you got any cold meat in the house? Where's the kitchen? I'll go and take a snack with the cook—I'm always for a whet before dinner; I like to give my stomach a thump with a cold duck, or some such thing—I'll be with you again directly; I shall soon smell out the kitchen. [*Exit.*]

Gor. I wish you'd smell your way out of my house.---Why, this Alphonso is a strange genius.

Bel. A genius! O yes, Sir, he's a man of taste.

Gor. 'Tis for a cold duck then, I believe, and a whet before dinner.

Bel. Is it possible that you don't see through all this?

Gor. See! Not I indeed.

Bel. Don Gortez, you really are a man who upon a short acquaintance I esteem so much, that I cannot bear to see you impos'd upon in any way whatever, even tho' it be by my own friend.

Gor. Sir, I am very much beholden to you.

Bel. Oh, not at all, not at all: I cannot bear with any patience to see so good a father cheated.

Gor. Well, but how though?

Bel. Why thus! Don Alphonso merely puts on this behaviour to disgust you, that you may deny your daughter to him; he having, as I told you before, heard that she is not exactly ac-

according to his choice--the hump-back, red eyes, &c.

Gor. Oh! if that is all, I hav'n't much fear but he will like her when he sees her.

Bel. Well, Sir, so much the better; but if you will take my advice, as you seem much to desire this match, hurry it--let it take place immediately--don't notice his strange behaviour, but introduce your daughter to him, and I'll hurry them off to church--then leave the rest to my management.

Gor. You are a worthy good man, Sir; and I'll do as you advise; I don't know how to thank you--but for you, that rascally Belgardo might have been in my family by this time.

Bel. Oh, I'll take care of him; never fear, Sir! I always have an eye on him---He's a sad fellow---I dare say he wouldn't mind what means he pursued to gain his ends.

Gor. Ay, I dare say he thinks to juggle me; but I am not so easily deceiv'd--I'm too cautious, too circumspect.

Bel. O yes, Sir, you are too wary to fall a dupe to his shallow artifices.

Gor. I hate him and all his family; and if ever I catch him in my house, I'll tell him so.

Bel. He shall be your son-in-law for all that, my worthy Don. (*Aside.*)

Gor. O, here comes my daughter.

Bel. A beautiful girl!--My friend Alphonso will be in raptures when he sees her.

Enter CAROLINA.

Car. Belgardo!

Bel. (*stopping her.*) Ma'am! I beg you will

never speak of Belgardo;—for my friend Alphonso I beg it, Madam!

Car. Sir, I shall deny you nothing.

Gor. Heyday! here's a change—I am overjoyed.

Bel. How fortunate is the man who is to be the possessor of so much beauty and loveliness! Were he not my friend, I should envy him.

Gor. And if I had another daughter, she should be your's. This gentleman, Carolina, you must receive as my friend.

Car. Sir, I shall obey all your commands with pleasure.

Gor. My dear Sir, I am under infinite obligations to you—you'll explain to my daughter.

Enter NUMPO, a napkin under his chin, eating.

Num. Well, dad, here I am—'Egad you are a fine fellow, you keep a rare good larder—I was devilish hungry. (*Eating.*)

Gor. So it seems.

Num. Have you got any wine in the cellar?

Gor. Yes, plenty.

Num. It seems likely to stay there, for you hav'n't the manners to ask one to drink.—I want something to quench my thirst.

Gor. You shall have it directly; but I did not know that you was fond of drinking in the morning.

Num. Well, but come, where's this daughter of your's?

Gor. Carolina, my dear, this is Don Alphonso!

Num. 'Egad, Gortez, she'll do rarely. I say, Ma'am, what do you think of me for a husband? hey!

Car. O Sir! your friend here has said so much in your favour, that—

Num. That you are all impatience to be married. Come, I know that's it.

Car. Why, then, Sir, if I must speak, I—

Num. You see I know how to manage matters with the girls, hey Gortez!—I never stand shilly shally with them. Oh! I have been a devil among 'em in my time.

Gor. Oh, I don't doubt it.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, Don Alphonso's father, Don Testy, is arrived.

Bel. And the devil along with him. (*Aside.*)

Gor. I'll be with him directly. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bel. My dear Sir, I wou'd not have him find Alphonso here, and not married, for the world: you know his hasty temper.

Gor. Very true, very true; what's to be done?

Bel. I only know one way of avoiding his displeasure; there's not a moment to lose; I'll go and see the young couple married immediately.

Gor. Will you? that's very kind of you--Run off with them, and make haste back. There, there, no ceremony---Away! quick, quick! lose no time, whilst I go and meet my friend Don Testy. [*Exit.*]

URSULA runs in.

Urs. I have overheard it all—make haste, for Don Testy is now coming up stairs---you hav'n't a moment to lose; here's your cloak and veil.

Bel. How the deuce to get rid of my friend here (*looks off.*) Heavens! the door is beset—there is a serjeant and half a dozen soldiers.

Num. (*alarm'd.*) What!

Bel. Whom can they want?

Num. Oh! it's me, it's me!--Hide me if you have any pity on a poor fellow who never did any harm; put me any where---under your clothes. (*To Ursula.*)

Urs. Go into that room, you'll find plenty of my clothes; you may easily disguise yourself.

Bel. Quick, quick! they are coming in.

Num. You'll stay for me. [*Exit into the Room.*]

Bel. Now, Fortune, I defy thee!

[*Exeunt Bel. Car. and Urs.*]

Enter DON GORTEZ and TESTY.

Gor. My old friend, I rejoice to see you!

Tes. Old friend!--Pish! do you use all your old friends thus?

Gor. Why, what's the matter?

Tes. Matter!--Pshaw! matter enough.

Gor. How have I offended you?

Tes. Offended!--Pish, pshaw, nonsense!

Gor. Well, but my dear friend--

Tes. Dear friend, hey?--Pish!

Gor. If I have done any thing to offend you, let me know it, that I may make you an apology.

Tes. Apology!--Pshaw! I hate apologies--Where's my son? Nobody comes to meet me; is that treating me like an old friend, hey?

Gor. Well; come, come, don't be in an ill humour; consider this is your son's wedding-day.

Tes. Wedding-day!--Pshaw! it shall be no such thing.

Gor. Sha'n't it? (*smiling.*)

Tes. Sha'n't it!--No! what are you sneering at, hey?

Gor. I think it will be the wedding-day.

Tes. You do, do you? Now I say it shall not; what do you say to that?

Gor. Oh! no matter, no matter! But, my friend, what a whimsical young fellow your son is!

Tes. Whimsical!—Pshaw! how do you mean whimsical?

Gor. So fond of cracking jokes.

Tes. Cracking jokes!—I'll crack his head if he cracks any jokes: where is he all this time?

Gor. Oh, he'll be here presently.

Tes. Here presently!--Pish! why isn't he here now?

Gor. If you must know the truth of it, he's gone to be married.

Tes. Gone to be married! Gone to the devil! I'll marry him, a forward puppy!—And you to take advantage of my absence—nothing settled, nothing done—Zounds! I shall murder him!

Enter ALPHONSO. (His arm bound up.)

Oh! what, you are there, are you? you puppy!—Stand out of my way, or I shall be the death of you. Zounds! I'm in such a rage—How dare you come into my presence, Sir?

Alph. Sir, I know not how I have offended you.

Gor. Who are you talking to!--Why, that's the barber.

Tes. Barber! what do you mean by barber? Zounds! fire and brimstone! do you mean to insult me?

Gor. No, but you don't mean to say that he is your son.

Tes. Not my son!--What, do you mean to persuade me that I don't know my own, hey?

Alph. I believe I can explain.

Tes. Explain!--Pish! pshaw!

Gor. Hollo, there! Perez, Sancho, Relasco, where are you all? I am ruin'd--hollo! hollo!

Tes. What are you holloing about? Are you mad?

Gor. Yes, I'm raving--Run after that rascal; stop him:--I'll go myself; come along.

Tes. Where are you going to?

Gor. I don't know; come, let us run after 'em.

Enter NUMPO from the Room, disguised as the Duenna.

Num. Now, then, I'm ready for you.

Gor. What, you are in the plot too, you old hag, are you? (*shaking Numpo.*)

Num. What are you at, man? Don't strangle me!--Zounds! I'm Alphonso.

Alph. So then you are the villain who has dared to take my name—I'll punish your rascality as it deserves, (*drawing his sword.*)--How dare you call yourself Alphonso?

Num. I don't; upon my soul I don't call myself Alphonso!

Gor. Who are you, villain?

Num. Any body you please—I have three names; they are all at your service; you may take which of 'em you choose.

Alph. No prevarication!--Tell me who you are instantly, or I'll—

Num. Oh! for Heaven's sake put up your sword! you frighten all my memory away.

Tes. Pish! pshaw! (*putting away Alphonso.*)--

Let me speak to him—How dare you, you rascal, call yourself my son?

Num. I don't know how it was, it was very simple of me; for if I am to be used in this way, I might as well have kept my old name of Belgardo.

Gor. Belgardo!--O, I see how this is—You are that villain Belgardo, are you? You shall commit no more rogueries in this world. (*Draws*)

Num. Murder! murder! don't kill me; you'll kill half a dozen at once if you do.

Gor. Why, this is the rascal who has stolen away my daughter.

Enter BELGARDO, CAROLINA, and URSULA.

Bel. No, Sir, 'tis I who have committed that crime.

Gor. Oh, you impostor! have you married my daughter?

Bel. Yes, Sir; I thought you wou'd not approve of him for a son-in-law, so I married her myself.

Num. Gortez, he has choused me.

Tes. What is all this?

Gor. Why you and I are a couple of old fools; the wench has slipped thro' my fingers.

Num. Yes, and thro' my fingers too.

Car. I am sure, Sir, you can't be angry with me; I have only obey'd your orders.

Bel. To you, Alphonso, I owe many apologies for my conduct, but at present I shall only offer this. (*To Alphonso, pointing to Carolina.*)

Gor. (*to Belgardo.*) And pray, Sir, who are you? for I think it is time I should know.

Bel. One who has shewn his attachment to your family, altho' you hate his. I am Belgardo.

Num. Oh, then, you'll be hanged—I can tell you that.

Tes. Who are you, varlet? (*To Numpo.*)

Numpo. Sir, my right name's a mystery to me,
Thro' this last hour I've had no less than three;
And if my friend (*to Bel.*) for Dr. Drencho call,
I must be quite content with—none at all;
However, (else I'm cursedly mistaken,)
I'm Numpo; cou'd I break the spell and waken.

TO THE AUDIENCE.

Your aid to christen me afresh I claim,
'Tis to your kindness I must owe a name;
And tho' from all my places without cause
Cashier'd, I hope a place in your applause.



THE END.

